

ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH

By O. HENRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

head and wound once around her neck.

"She began to talk in Spanish, a voluble, mournful stream of melancholy music. Littlefield did not understand Spanish. The deputy did, and he translated her talk by portions, at intervals holding up his hands to check the flow of her words.

"She came to see you, Mr. Littlefield. Her name's Joya Trevina. She wants to see you about—well, she's mixed up with that Rafael Ortiz. She's his—she's his girl. She says he's innocent. She says she made the money and got him to pass it. Don't you believe her, Mr. Littlefield. That's the way with these Mexican girls; they'll lie, steal, or kill for a fellow when they get stuck on him. Never trust a woman that's in love."

"Mr. Kilpatrick?"

Nancy Derwent's indignant exclamation caused the deputy to flounder for a moment in attempting to explain that he had misquoted his own sentiments, and then he went on with the translation:

"She says she's willing to take his place in the jail if you'll let him out. She says she will do anything for him. She says she will have medicine. That's why he passed the lead dollar on the drug store. She said she saved her life. This Rafael seems to be her honey, all right; there's a lot of stuff in her talk about love and such things that you don't want to hear."

"It was an old story to the district attorney.

"Tell her," said he, "that I can do nothing. The case comes up in the morning, and he will have to make his fight before the court."

Nancy Derwent was not so hardened. She was looking with sympathetic interest at Joya Trevina and at Littlefield alternately. The deputy repeated the district attorney's words to the girl. She spoke a sentence or two in a low voice, pulled her shawl close about her face, and left the room.

"What did she say then?" asked the district attorney.

"Nothing special," said the deputy. "She said: 'If the life of the one—let's see how it went—Si la vida de ella a quien tu amas—if the life of the girl you love is in danger, remember Rafael Ortiz.'"

Kilpatrick strolled out through the corridor in the direction of the marshal's office.

"What you 'cant you anything for them, Bob?" asked Nancy. "It's such a little thing—just one counterfeit dollar—to ruin the happiness of two lives." She was in danger of death, and he did it to save her. Doesn't the law know the feeling of pity?"

"It hasn't a place in jurisprudence," said Littlefield, "especially in re the district attorney's duty. I'll promise you that the prosecution will not be vindictive; but the man is as good as convicted when the case is called. Witnesses will swear to his passing the bad dollar which I have in my pocket at this moment as 'Exhibit A.' There are no Mexicans on the jury, and it will vote Mr. Greaser guilty without leaving the box."

The plover shooting was fine that afternoon, and in the excitement of the sport the case of Rafael and the grief of Joya Trevina were forgotten. The district attorney and Nancy Derwent drove from town down a three miles along a smooth, grassy road, and then struck across a rolling prairie toward a heavy line of timber on Piedra Creek. Beyond this creek lay Long Prairie, the favorite haunt of the plover. As they were nearing the creek they heard the galloping of a horse to their right, and saw a man with black hair and a swarthy face riding toward the woods at a tangent, as if he had come up behind them.

"I've seen that fellow somewhere," said Littlefield, who had a memory for faces, "but I can't exactly place him. Some ranchman, I suppose, taking a short cut home."

They spent an hour on Long Prairie, shooting from the bush. Nancy Derwent, an active, outdoor, Western girl, was pleased with her twelve-bore. She had bagged within two brace of her companion's score.

They started homeward at a gentle trot. When, within a hundred yards of Piedra Creek a man rode out of the timber directly toward them.

"It looks like the man we saw coming over," remarked Miss Derwent.

As the distance between them lessened, the district attorney suddenly pulled up his team sharply, with his eyes fixed upon the advancing horseman. That individual had drawn a Winchester from its scabbard on his saddle and thrown it over his arm.

"Now I know you, Mexico Sam!" muttered Littlefield to himself. "It was you who shook your rattles in that gentle epistle."

Mexico Sam did not leave things long in doubt. He had a nice eye in all matters pertaining to firearms, so when he was within good rifle range, but outside of danger from No. 3 shot, he threw up his Winchester and opened fire upon the occupants of the buckboard.

The first shot cracked the back of the seat within the two-inch space between the shoulders of Littlefield and Miss Derwent. The next went through the dashboard and Littlefield's trouser leg.

The district attorney hustled Nancy out of the buckboard to the ground. She was a little pale, but asked no questions. She had the frontier instinct that accepts conditions in an emergency without superfluous argument. They kept their guns in hand, and Littlefield hastily gathered some handfuls of cartridges from the pasteboard box on the seat and crowded them into his pockets.

"Keep the horses, Nan," he commanded. "That fellow is a ruffian I sent to prison once. He's trying to get even. He knows our shot won't hurt him at that distance."

"All right, Bob," Nancy said steadily. "I'm not afraid. But you come close, too. Whoa, Boss; stand still, now!"

She stroked Boss' mane. Littlefield stood with his gun ready, praying that the desperado would come within range.

But Mexico Sam was playing his vendetta along safe lines, and he was a bird of different feather from the plover. His accurate eye drew an imaginary line of circumference around the area of danger from bird-shot, and upon this line he rode. His horse wheeled to the right, and as his victims rounded to the safe side of their equine breastworks he sent a ball through the district attorney's hat. Once he miscalculated in making a detour, and overstepped his margin. Littlefield's gun flashed and Mexico Sam ducked his head to the harmless patter of the shot. A few of them stung his horse, which pranced promptly back to the safety line.

The desperado fired again. A little cry came from Nancy Derwent. Littlefield whirled, with blazing eyes and saw the blood trickling down her cheek.

"I'm not hurt," Bob only a splinter struck me. I think he hit one of the wheel-spokes."

"Lord!" groaned Littlefield. "If I only had a charge of buckshot!"

The ruffian got his horse still, and took careful aim. Fly gave a snort and fell in the harness, struck in the neck. Boss, now disabused of the idea that plover were being fired at, broke her traces and galloped wildly away. Mexico Sam sent a ball neatly through the fulness of Nancy Derwent's shooting jacket.

"Lie down—lie down!" snapped Littlefield. "Close to the horse—flat on the ground—so." He almost threw her upon the grass against the back of the recumbent fly. Oddly enough, at that moment the words of the Mexican girl returned to his mind:

"If the life of the girl you love is in danger, remember Rafael Ortiz."

Littlefield uttered an exclamation.

"Open fire on him, Nan, across the horse's back! Fire as fast as you can! You can't hurt him, but keep him dodging shot for one minute while I try to work out a little scheme."

Nancy gave a quick glance at Littlefield, and saw him take out his pocket knife and open it. Then she turned her face to obey orders, keeping up a rapid fire at the enemy.

Mexico Sam waited patiently until this innocuous fusillade ceased. He had plenty of time, and he did not care to risk the chance of a bird-shot in his eye when it could be avoided by a little caution. He pulled his

By E. C. DRUM-HUNT.

The Secretary of State, Bainbridge Colby, will represent the President today at the Pilgrim celebration held in Provincetown, Mass.

The Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Josephus Daniels will arrive at Charleston, S. C., on an inspection trip. Their sons have as their guest in Washington their cousin, Samuel Jackson, of Richmond, Va.

The Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Edwin T. Meredith, accompanied by their son, Edwin T. Meredith, Jr., and their house guest, Miss Maxine McClure, of Des Moines, Ia., will return to Washington today from New York, where they have been making a brief visit.

The Secretary of Labor, William Wilson, is expected back in Washington today from New York.

AGRICULTURAL EXPERT JOINS ARGENTINE STAFF.

The Argentine Embassy staff has been increased by the arrival of a new attaché, Señor Carlos Valdez, one of the chiefs of the agriculture department of Argentina. His wife and daughter will join him later at Wardman Park Inn, where he has established his home. He is here to study the organization of our Agriculture Department.

The Ambassador of Brazil, Señor Augusto Coderane de Alencar, spent the week-end in Maryland.

JAPAN-AMERICAN SOCIETY PRESIDENT TO VISIT U. S.

Viscount K. Kaneko, president of the Japan-American Society of Tokyo, is coming to the United States in the near future on a special mission connected with the anti-Japanese agitation on the Pacific Coast.

The new military attaché of the Argentine Embassy, Col. Juan E. Vaccarezza, arrived last week. The embassy has a distinguished guest in Señor Carlos Volpi, of Argentina, who is in this country to investigate the Reclamation Service. He will leave the city at the end of this week for a visit to several Reclamation projects in the West and will return here at the completion of that inspection.

The Minister Resident of Greece

heavy Stetson low down over his face until the shots ceased. Then he drew a little nearer, and fired with careful aim at what he could see of his victims above the fallen horse.

Neither of them moved. He urged his horse a few steps nearer. He saw the district attorney rise to one knee and deliberately level his shotgun. He pulled his hat down and awaited the harmless rattle of the tin pellets.

The shotgun blazed with a heavy report. Mexico Sam sighed, turned limp all over, and slowly fell from his horse—a dead rattlesnake.

At 10 o'clock the next morning court opened, and the case of the United States versus Rafael Ortiz was called. The district attorney, with his arm in a sling, rose and addressed the court.

"May it please your honor," he said, "I desire to enter a nolle proes in this case. Even though the defendant should be guilty, there is not sufficient evidence in the hands of the government to secure a conviction. The piece of counterfeit coin upon the identity of which the case was built is not now available as evidence. I ask, therefore, that the case be stricken off."

At the noon recess Kilpatrick strolled into the district attorney's office.

"I've just been down to take a squint at old Mexico Sam," said the deputy. "They've got him laid out. Old Mexico was a tough outfit, I reckon. The boys was wond'ring down there what you shot him with. Some said it must have been nails. I never see a gun carry anything to make holes like he had."

"If shot him," said the district attorney, "with Exhibit A of your counterfeiting case. Lucky thing for me—and somebody else—that it was as bad money as it was!"

It slipped up into slugs very nicely. Say, Kil, can't you go down to the jacks and find where that Mexican girl lives? Miss Derwent wants to know."

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MRS. L. H. MAXFIELD.

Wife of Lieut. Comdr. Maxfield, U. S. N., and their charming little daughter.

and Mme. Tsamados, who have been visiting in New York State, will return to the legation in Washington within a few days.

The charge d'affaires of the Legation of Rumania, N. H. Labovary, will return to Washington this week. He is at present in New York, where he has been spending several weeks.

MAJFLOWER DESCENDANT JOURNEY TO PLYMOUTH.

Frank H. Briggs, secretary of the District of Columbia Society of Mayflower Descendants, went last week to Plymouth, Mass., to attend the celebration of the tercentenary of the coming of the Pilgrim fathers to America. While in Plymouth Mr. Briggs will complete arrangements for the participation of Washington members of the society in the elaborate exercises which will be held on the historic spot during the autumn.

Col. and Mrs. Franklin S. Leisenring and their two children are in New York stopping at the Hotel Astor. They will leave on September 5 for Panama, where Col. Leisenring will be stationed with the quartermaster's department.

Mr. and Mrs. John Paul Jones, Jr., of Allentown, Pa., are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter, born Saturday in their new home in that city.

Mrs. Le Baron Colt, wife of the former Senator from Rhode Island, is spending some time in Lenox, Mass.

Col. and Mrs. Edward D. Anderson and their son, Milton Anderson, who have been visiting at Atlantic City and Belmar, N. J., are now in New York.

Mrs. George Stein has returned from Braddock Heights, Md., where she has been spending a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Ghiselli are visiting in Atlantic City.

WIDE INTEREST SHOWN IN COMING MARRIAGE.

The wedding of Miss Charlotte Capers to Maj. Ralph Stover Keyser, United States Marine Corps, Thursday, is an event of interest not alone in Washington, the bride's home since her birth, but in the South, where her family connections are various and prominent. Her grandfather was Bishop Capers, and the family otherwise is prominently identified. The ceremony will take place at 12 o'clock Thursday at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. John G. Capers, in R Street, and Mrs. Frederick N. Powers, sister of the bride, will serve her as matron of honor. Maj. William Devan will act as best man, and Frank Tren-

holm, who, with Mrs. Trenholm, will come from New York for the event, will give his niece away. The Rev. Walter B. Capers, of Jackson, Miss., the paternal uncle of Miss Capers, will officiate. Bishop Capers, an old friend, being unable to arrive in Washington in time to be present, arrangements for the wedding will be simply made, as Mrs. Capers is still in deep mourning for her husband, but a number of relatives from out of town are coming on. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eugene Keyser, Miss Ella Keyser and Charles Keyser, parents and sister and brother of Maj. Keyser, will come from their home in Virginia, and Mrs. Kelly, of Philadelphia, another sister, will also be here for the event. Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Keyser, of Harrisburg, Pa., brother and sister-in-law of the bridegroom; Mr. and Mrs. William de Saussure Trenholm, of New York, uncle and aunt of the bride, and Mrs. William Johnson and Miss Johnson, of Charleston, S. C., will also be here. Gen. John A. Lejeune will be among the Marine Corps officers to attend.

Capt. Harold Clifton Pierce, U. S. Marine Corps, and Mrs. Pierce have arrived from the Salt Lake City recruiting station and are visiting Capt. Pierce's mother, Mrs. Charles Brook Pierce, before leaving for Quantico, where Capt. Pierce will be stationed.

ELABORATE CEREMONIES ATTEND CHURCH WEDDING.

The marriage of Mrs. Mary Greenwood, daughter of Mrs. Ellen Wilmet, of this city, to Mr. Wilfred Mallon Boyce, organist and chor-master of St. Matthew's Church, took place Saturday morning in that church. Mr. Thomas S. Lee officiating and celebrating high nuptial mass following the ceremony. The church was decorated with white blossoms, palms and ferns and pale pink roses. A reception and buffet breakfast followed in the home of the bride's mother, for the wedding party, relatives and intimate friends. The decorations were of pale pink and white blossoms, an effective centerpiece of the bride's table being the large bouquet of golden gate roses, which she carried as her bridal bouquet.

She was attended by her young daughter, Helen, who made a diminutive but dainty maid of honor. The best man was Edna Greenwood, eldest son of the bride.

The boy choir of St. Matthew's, under the direction of Mrs. Harry Hall, sang a program of music preceding and during the ceremony. For the entrance of the bride they sang the wedding music from Lohengrin. The bride wore a costume of pale gray georgette over flesh tinted chiffon, the skirt made ankle-length and trimmed with narrow quillings of gray ribbon. Soft white lace finished the high, broad neck and the hat was a broad-brimmed simple one of shell pink georgette, with only ornament was a string of pearls.

Her tiny maid of honor was in a ruffled frock of flesh-tinted tulle over chiffon of the same shade, and she carried a large bunch of pink roses. Mr. Boyce and his bride left on an afternoon train for a wedding trip of several weeks, after which they will be at home at 1418 Q street. Mr. Boyce is a native of England, but is now a citizen of this country, and has been in charge of the music in St. Matthew's ever since he came here several years ago.

Sermons Heard Here Yesterday

Cures for World Unrest Impossible Unless Statesmen Work With God, Declares Tennesseean at Calvary Baptist Church.

Beyond the work of statesmen lies the activity of the church, which must proceed to "bring back the King" or the panacea proposed by statesmen will be of no avail, declared the Rev. Len C. Broughton, of Knoxville, Tenn., at Calvary Baptist Church yesterday morning. "Statesmen and society are striving to bring harmony both here and abroad," he said, "but no body of statesmen or legislative measure can accomplish this if God is left out."

"It is indeed easy to fight for our own personal glory, our own selfish purposes, but the life of humanity will not be cured while individuals and nations fight for selfish ends and do not seek to enthrone the real King."

Not to nations but to the individual does the Rev. Mr. Broughton look for real adjustments in social life.

"If God has been dethroned in the individual life there is no adjustment of the balance of the community, of the State and of the nation must suffer."

"The moral plan of the church for the uplifting of humanity must be recognized in the councils of nations. It has been the experience of the past that a nation seeking material advancement, at the expense of the spiritual, stressing the selfish motive, has but hastened the day when it would be scattered to the four winds."

"At no time in history," asserted the minister, "has it been more evident that the future of civilization rested with the church. Not to the honor and glory of God did that ancient people build the tower of Babel, but merely to make a brilliant name for the descendants of Noah. And as their idea was conceived in selfishness, so it was doomed to go down in defeat."

Plea for Restored Sanctity Of Sabbath Voiced by The Rev. Joseph Meeks At the Union M. E. Church.

The beauty and pathos blended in the "Pilgrim's Progress" is finding interpretation in a series of sermons by the Rev. Joseph Meeks, at the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, Twentieth street northwest. He said last night:

"The life of a Christian, so far from being a thing of sorrow, humiliation, and poverty, should really be represented as the hilltop of experience, the vital essence of joy and progress. You could, indeed, search long to find a person who could be cowardly or ineffectual on a hilltop—there is something too vital in the air, and in the view. The stimulus of nature is too paramount to be ruled by the weakness of spirit to enter in."

"My idea of correct attire—not that we would restrict humanity to any form of garb—is clothing that attracts no notice by its flamboyance or startling tone, nor by its too careless disregard of convention. It is, of course, the duty of the Christian not to offend in either regard, but to be ruled by the edicts of common sense."

"As for Sunday selling of merchandise, it is, of course, true that if the shopkeeper had no purchases he would not keep open on the Sabbath. When one big shop opens its doors, another is apt to follow suit to protect its business, and thus the purpose and the beauty of the Sabbath day is diminished. And clerks are without their needed day of rest. When we restore the Lord's day we will in that measure decrease the ugliness and increase the beauty of life."

WOMEN TO CELEBRATE IN MUSICIANS' HALL

Miss Emma Woid, of Portland, Ore., secretary of the National Woman's party, will be the principal speaker at the celebration of the suffrage victory in the Labor Union auditorium of Musicians' Hall, 1006 E street northwest, tomorrow night. The rally will be held under the direction of the Washington branch of the Farmer-Labor party. Prominent suffrage workers will tell of the scenes in the Tennessee legislature, which preceded and followed the ratification of the Nineteenth amendment.

Baby Death Rate Falls.

To activities of the baby welfare branch of the Chicago health department is attributed the reduction of the death rate among Chicago babies from an average of 300 for the month of July since 1908 to 152 during July of the present year. The total of deaths from January 1 to August 1 is also smaller for this year than for any since 1908.

Tottering Thrones and Uneasiness in World Leads Virginia Minister to Believe Millenium Is Not Far Distant.

"There are many references in the Bible to the fact that Jesus is to return to this earth," asserted the Rev. R. P. Rixey, of Fredericksburg, Va., at Petworth Baptist Church yesterday morning.

"Let us not neglect this truth because men have brought it into disrepute through misconceptions. It is a fact, despite all human misgivings. Jesus promised that he would return, and the angel, when he disappeared in a cloud, confirmed the word that 'this same Jesus' would come again 'in like manner.' And the fact that the gospel has been preached to all nations as a witness, the fact that knowledge has been increased, that many 'to and fro' that there is unrest and uncertainty in all affairs; that there are tottering kingdoms falling, lead serious-minded men, who think along this line, and study God's word, to the conclusion that soon the King will come."

"As God is consistent with Himself, may we not expect in due time a revelation for those who watch and are ready? As Noah knew of the flood 125 years before it came; as Abraham knew before Lot of the destruction of Sodom, the wise men and shepherds knew the star in the East, may we not hope, pray and take courage, that we also may be ready, and have our lamps trimmed and burning and oil in our vessels, when the inhabitants of this earth visit this planet—supposing, as we are inhabited, which I doubt—they would be greatly surprised if shown a copy of the New Testament, to see the indifference of the average church member and many preachers to the fundamental truth of the Lord's return. Our great danger lies in the spiritualizing of the teachings of Jesus and His early disciples. There is no subject given more prominence in the New Testament than the second coming of Jesus."

Hermion Association Meets.

Fredericksburg, Va., Aug. 29.—The Hermion Association met in its nineteenth annual session at Enon Baptist Church, in Essex County, a few days ago. Large crowds were in attendance.

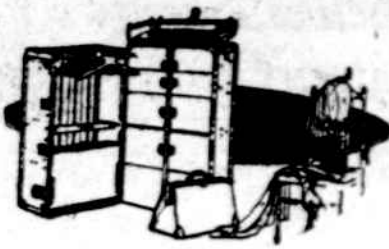
Prof. W. A. Harris, Dr. J. W. Cammack and Rev. David Hepburn from Richmond were present and participated in the various discussions. The Hermion Association is composed of twenty-five churches in the counties of Caroline, Stafford, Spotsylvania, Essex and King William, with a membership of 4,200.

Meyersdale Fair Dates Set.

Frostburg, Md., Aug. 29.—September 21, 22, 23 and 24 have been fixed as the dates for the Meyersdale Fair. Racing for three days will begin September 22.

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Book Section, Second floor.

OFFICERS FOR YEAR CHOSEN BY BAPTISTS

Winchester, Va., Aug. 29.—The Shenandoah Baptist Association has closed its annual session at Berryville, Va., after deciding to hold its next annual convention at Front Royal, Va. in August, 1921, and electing the following officers:

Moderator, Rev. W. C. Taylor, Martinsburg, W. Va.; vice moderator, Rev. Charles Adey, Winchester, clerk, Rev. R. Grizzard, Martinsburg, and treasurer, John W. Wood, Linden, Va.

WHEELING FOUNDER'S GRANDSON PASSES ON

Hagerstown, Md., Aug. 29.—Platton Zane, aged 75 years, died suddenly of heart failure at the bungalow of G. B. Sweeney on Round Top, near Hancock, this county, while on a bass fishing trip.

Mr. Zane came from Wheeling, W. Va., with two brothers of Mr. Sweeney to fish in the Potomac River. He was a grandson of Col. Ebenezer Zane, a revolutionary hero and founder of Wheeling.

LOST BROTHER FOUND AT SUNSET OF LIFE

Hagerstown, Md., Aug. 29.—Mrs. Rosa Bowles Dawson, of Hancock, has just received a letter from her only brother, John Bowles, whom she has not seen or heard from in fifty-two years and had given up for dead.

Mr. Bowles is spending the sunset of an adventurous life with comrades at the Veterans' Home at Napa, Cal.

He fought through the civil war in the Union army and afterward took part in Indian campaigns in the West.

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